NOVELS of ROMANCE NOVELS of STORY NOVELS of CHARACTER

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Any book nicely bound—one that looks from the outside as if it ought to be worth while on the inside—will do as a Christmas present.

A book that is unattractive on the outside but is good on the inside is a better Christmas present.

A book that pleases the eye externally and has some substance internally is a very excellent Christmas present.

Christmas is the season when the booksellers do a rushing business. Nearly everybody buys some kind of book to give to somebody.

And almost without exception, whoever buys a book, unless it be some old fogy whose literary tastes are developed to the classic level, who insists that he will run no risk of reading trash, buys a new book—of the "just out" variety.

But it takes some little discernment to choose from all the mass of the "just-out" kind, the very particular volume which will just suit the very particular person who is to receive that very particular present.

It is better to be posted, don't you know. So The Republic supplies the following summary of the chief contributions to the light literature market for the year:

Deserving of first mention, probably, because of the author's prominence and of the very recent announcement of the book's name. It has a depth of insight into the far Eastern situation, which is very valuable as information. The book is a posthumous publication.

Mr. Archibald Eyre has contributed to the sum total of the year's literature very materially in "The Trifler." It is a clever story.

Mr. Charles Major is still among the active producers. His book "A Forest Hearth" is an appealing love story.

"Tennessee Todd" is one of the Southern stories which has made good its bid for attention. G. W. Ogden is the author.

Of carefully worked out detail "The Filigree Ball" is full. It is a detective story by Anna Katherine Green.

Stanley J. Weyman is one of the strongest writers of romantic fiction, his place being alongside of Anthony Hope. "The Long Night" is a volume by him just published.

A. Conan Doyle's "The Adventures of the Brigadier Gerard" is in book form. In the Brigadier Conan Doyle has at last evolved another character that can take place beside Sherlock Holmes.

"The Castle of Twilight," by Miss Potter, is one of the works of fiction which may not be overlooked in any resume of the year. It pictures the lives of women in the seclusion of the castle in the times of trouble and strife, some 400 years ago, and takes rather from the glamour which has been associated with the gallant knights of the period.

"The Merivale Banks," by Mary J. Holmes, is a good story. Mrs. Holmes is well known, and the usual quality is in her book.

Meredith Nicholson has added to the well-laden sea of literary flotsam and jetsam. His book, published early in the year, is "The Main Chance."

Frederick S. Isham has written a tasteful story in "Under the Rose." It carries a reader from start to finish.

A tale with a touch of mystery in the title that is well borne out in the substance is not a bad diet. Of that kind is "The Grey Cloak," by Harold McGrath.

An interesting collection of lectures by Felix Adler is among the year's output of books. For him who inclines toward the serious these are profitable reading.

"The Simple Life" and "The Better Way" are literature of the same kind and possess a great merit. Charles Wagner is the author.

"From Behind the Veil" is a strong novel by Andrew J. Arthur, which was published early last summer. It is a very readable romance.

A well-constructed, brisk and entertaining story is "The Golden Fleece," by David Graham Phillips, and may be enumerated among the successes of 1903.

A. T. Quiller Couch is a name well known to the consistent readers of modern fiction. His latest novel is "The Adventures of Harry Revel." It abounds in plot, yet the telling is simply done.

Edward S. Van Sile has achieved no little prominence among the latter-day fiction writers in finding a fantastic subject upon which to expand. His novel, "Perkins, the Fakeer," has been described as a striking combination of the "occult and the absurd." His hero goes through a series of reincarnations, in each of which he has rather an exciting time.

The struggle between capital and labor develops many an incident that forms a good basis for fiction. A. F. Wilson has chosen this opportunity in "The Wars of Peace."

The days of persecution of the witches in New England have been oft described in poetry and prose. Marion Dana has managed to make the old subject new in "A Puritan Witch."

George Moore is an author who has a substantial vogue in England and Ireland. A new volume by him appeared last June and is thoroughly realistic, even Zolaesque. It is "The Mummer's Wife."

Build a fairly consistent story, sprinkle in incidents, delineate characters with a fair skill, and you have a passable novel. William R. A. Wilson has worked upon this recipe in "A Rose of Normandy."

Satire in fiction, though frowned down, yet, when rightly introduced, often makes a novel worth reading. Edgar Fawcett, as the title of his book indicates—"The Vulgarians"—has ventured to hold up to ridicule the excesses of our American "high society."

When a critic remarks that a book approaches "David Harum," it follows that it must have some readable quality. The comparison has been made with relation to "That Printer of Udell's," by Harold Bell Wright.

Frank R. Stockton had and deserved a large following. His last novel, that published after his death, appeared in the midsummer. It is a good example of his whimsical style. "The Captain's Tollgate" is its name.

"Despotism and Democracy" appeared anonymously. It is an analytical novel dealing with national politics and has more than one good quality.

Horses, deer, dogs and well-nigh all the animals have been made the heroes, if not of novels, of short stories. Gene Stanton Porter went one better and chose a redbird. The story evolved has an undeniable charm. "The Song of the Cardinal" is the title.

FICTION THAT IS WORTH READING.

The Ambassadors	Henry James
The Bondage of Ballinger	Roswell Field
The Boss	Alfred Henry Lewis
The One Woman	Thomas Dixon
The Call of the Wild	Jack London
The Mettle of the Pasture	James Lane Allen
The Middle Course	Mrs. Poultney Bigelow
The Mills of Men	Philip Payne
The Fortunes of Fifi	Molly Elliot Seawell
Place and Power	Ellen Thornycroft Fowler
The Congressman's Wife	John D. Barry
The Prisoners	Thomas Nelson Page
Cherry	Booth Tarkington
Hesper	Hamlin Garland
Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer	Cyrus Townsend Brady
The Heart of Rome	F. Marion Crawford
The Way to the West	Emerson Hough
A Forest Hearth	Charles Major
The Long Night	Stanley J. Weyman
Under the Rose	Frederick S. Isham
The Grey Cloak	Harold McGrath
The Golden Fleece	David Graham Phillips
The Adventures of Harry Revel	A. T. Quiller Couch
The Wars of Peace	A. F. Wilson
The Mummer's Wife	George Moore
A Rose of Normandy	William R. A. Wilson
The Captain's Tollgate	Frank R. Stockton
Despotism and Democracy	Anonymous

book, is "The Ambassadors," by Henry James.

James is the contemporary novelist of all others as a psychologist. "The Ambassadors" is quite up to his previous work, possessing a nicety in analyses that is astonishing. Despite his skill, there be those, however, who deem that the best way to appreciate him is to accept all that is said in his praise, but to refuse positively to read his books.

Roswell, otherwise "Rosy," Field, brother of the celebrated Eugene Field, has written a book which surely will command a host of readers, and the publication of which approaches a literary event.

"The Bondage of Ballinger" is its name. It is a very quiet story, but has a distinct charm for any person whose literary tastes incline to the piquant. Ballinger is taken in the book from youth to old age, but it is in picturing the man in the decline of life that Field discloses a truly artistic touch. The pathos and the humor of the tale, the human nature, that Roswell Field comprehends and transfers to the printed page.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., who made such a hit with "The Leopard's Spots," followed up with another novel, "The One Woman." It came out during the summer months and was widely read. It was close to sensational, but not deemed up to his previous mark.

In these days of extensive literary production, a good work on the art of writing, it may be said platitudinously, "fills a long-felt want." Arlo Bates published "Talks on Writing English," which was the right thing in the right place. If one wants to be interested and to be educated at once, let him try this book.

Many a man or woman likes occasionally to be taken, by some clever writer, right out into rough-and-ready nature. Jack London is the clever writer who can perform this valuable service. His "Call of the Wild" was published by MacMillan's last August. It undoubtedly is one of the best books of the year.

Juvenile books galore have been given to the reading world during the year. Among the best is "A Partnership in Magic," by Charles Battell Loomis. It is his first piece of long fiction and it is no mistake to declare that it is original and clever.

James Lane Allen, as we all know, is an artist with words. His book this year is "The Mettle of the Pasture." It would make good holiday reading if for no other reason than that his name is on the title page. The book is decidedly more emotional, more deeply saturated with the sex problem than is usual with Mr. Allen.

Mrs. Poultney Bigelow writes the kind of matter the reading of which gets to be a habit that cannot be shaken off. Her chief production this year is "The Middle Course." It is a flashy story told in flashy style.

Virginia was in fact and is, in the imagination, the scene of more exciting exploits than any State in the Union. Henry B. Boone's novel, "The Career Triumphant," has to do with life in Virginia in the early days and gives to that life all the swash-buckling glamor which characterized it.

In politics and political novels we are always interested. A good political novel is a joy forever.

Two good ones are remembered as the product of the endeavors of authors this year. The one is Philip Payne's "The Mills of Men," and the other Alfred Henry Lewis's "The Boss." They are dwelt upon at length in another column of this issue of The Republic.

During the Christmas and New Year season the reader likes to pick up some light, amusing story at which one can laugh without having the while an inward feeling of a something closely approaching disgust.

Molly Elliot Seawell's book, "The Fortunes of Fifi," will afford just such a healthy laugh. Fifi is a most amusing and annoying and yet a lovable bit of French femininity.

Ellen Thornycroft Fowler is a writer of admitted standing. Last September, from the Appleton press, came a book from her pen, "Place and Power." It pictures English life.

Upton Sinclair has written a more than imaginative novel in "Prince Hagen." It is wildly improbable, but, withal, interesting.

Possibly the wives and daughters of the community desire to know something of what a legislator's life is from the wife's standpoint. John D. Barry has furnished a book written from that point of view. It is called "The Congressman's Wife." It has individual as well as social complications mixed in with the political setting.

Helene Millicete (a good name she has for a romantic novelist) has written a tale called "The Career of Mrs. Osborne." Two young women, who escape from tiresome country relations and take an apartment in London under a fictitious chaperonage, form the burden of the story.

Doctor James M. Campbell has taken up the defense of the deacon and the elder in an effective manner. "Typical Elders and Deacons" is the title of his book. The flippant tendency of the day is to quietly laugh at the "typical deacon," but Doctor Campbell has pictured him as warmly human and an active force for the good.

There might be less profitable things for a St. Louisan to do than to read a novel by a St. Louisan. "Joshua Humble" is the title of such a book.

Edgar Rice Beach is the author. It gets back into the atmosphere of several decades ago in this city. Mr. Beach has been in active newspaper work here and has come in contact with many odd phases of the city's history which are dexterously woven into the fabric of his novel.

"Mickey of the Alley" is the highly diverting caption put up a compilation of six short stories from Miss Kate Dickinson Sweetser. The said Mickey, however, appears in one of the stories, and he is a highly diverting personage.

Army stories, especially those with movement, an Indian fight or two and post intrigues, have a decided vogue. General Charles King, who recently visited with us here in St. Louis, has long been supplying the demand for this sort of thing. His "Apache Princess," published last month, is quite up to his standard.

A nice little book for girls—and for superlatively nice boys—is that which bears the antly alliterative title "At Aunt Anna's." Four little girls and two little boys are the young people who were at Aunt Anna's. Marion Ames Taggart is the author.

The Scribner Company have published two G. A. Henty books posthumously. Henty has written juveniles by the score, which many of us remember reading assiduously in the halcyon days of a youthful, beknighted, but untrammeled intelligence. The one is "With the Allies at Pekin"; the other, "Through Three Campaigns."

Thomas Nelson Page has not let his brother authors get ahead of him during the year and is to the fore with a dainty and simple sketch, "The Prisoners." One of the prisoners is Little Molly, a crippled child, who had lost her parents, and was in extreme poverty and neglect. The other prisoner was a neighbor's mocking bird, which hung in a neighbor's window "imprisoned" in its cage.

Booth Tarkington has written a pretty little love comedy called "Cherry." It is the story of a girl with two suitors, related by one of the suitors, in the first person. It is dated in the Colonial times for the piquant atmosphere which the customs and manners of a century and more ago can give.

Hamlin Garland has served up to his extensive clientelle a brisk Western story, "Hesper." Mr. Garland has translated all the health, vigor and movement of the Rocky Mountain country into its pages. As a character study, what might be termed the "awakening" of Hesper, who had been reared a slave to conventions, is decidedly worth while.

Cyrus Townsend Brady has taken "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," and put him into a novel of that precise titlonym. Mr. Brady has painted Sir Henry cruel and ferocious enough to suit the most fastidious and pirate-thirsty reader.

Geraldine Bonner has spent a long apprenticeship at short story writing and gives evidence of her training in her novel, "To-morrow's Tangle." It is a moving tale of the West in the early days.

F. Marion Crawford follows up his long list of successes with another, "The Heart of Rome." It has plot and lovers, very safe adjuncts to any readable book.

One way to absorb history is to go at it systematically and read a series of great tomes, like Gibbon, for instance. Another is to pick impressions out from impressionistic sketches. The latter opportunity is offered in Emerson Hough's "The Way to the West," one of the most recent publications of the kind. It gets very close to the spirit of this Western country.

Scribner's has stood sponsor for General John B. Gordon's reminiscences of the Civil War, which is very entertaining reading of the "personal experience" variety.

In a book of letters Mr. Wilbur J. Chamberlain, who served as correspondent for the New York Sun in the far East, has given an interesting description of his mission. "Ordered to China" is the

SOME NEW POETRY.

"Pipes of Pan" is a collection of verse of undoubted merit and interest. Bliss Carman is the author. He is a feeling for phrases, and fancies and phantasies for which the phrases serve as vehicle. It is among the most recent verse. (L. C. Page & Co.)

"Message and Melody" is the alliterative title of a little volume by Richard Burton. He has directness, strength and perception, and a tendency toward the tragic. Lothrop of Boston is the publisher.

"Blind Children" is a collection of poems by Israel Zangwill that are full of deep emotion and imbued with a high amaginative quality. They have the spiritual strain which uplifts and rarifies.

Ellen Glasgow's newest work is called "Freeman and Other Poems." Their technical excellence is beyond question and they are imbued with thought.

Of course, the publication of Kipling's collection of most recent poems, "The Five Nations," was one of the most notable literary events of the year now drawing to its close.

That a geologist should also be a poet is, to say the very least, surprising. This paradox is accomplished by Nathaniel S. Shaler, professor at Harvard. "Elizabeth of England" is the title of a romantic drama-poem in five parts, written by Professor Shaler. Critics have declared that he gets deeply into the mood of the Elizabethan age.

(From Everybody's Magazine for December.)

UNION SQUARE NORTH.

IT wouldn't surprise us to learn that we have a little touch of "swell head." It is the last thing in the world we want, but it is just possible that we have a touch of it. We were with the Ladies' Home Journal when it was gaining its prestige and its great circulation. We were with Munsey's when it shot up from 5,000 to 500,000 copies a month. We were with The Delineator when it doubled its circulation, and swept up to almost the million mark. The genius at the head of each of those publications made it. We had almost nothing to do with the result. But we added constantly to our stock of "know how."

We had the conviction we could make Everybody's grow. Frankly, we had no idea it would grow so fast. We never dreamed that it would have a quarter of a million circulation in six months. The Manager of the American News Company says that in all his thirty years' experience no magazine or periodical that they have handled has grown as Everybody's has.

In six months Everybody's circulation jumped from tenth place to third place among the general magazines. We are also third in the number of pages of cash advertising. Perhaps you will be inclined to be charitable with us for a little while, even if we do show some signs of enlarged cranium. Of course we don't admit that there are any signs. We are attending to business just as strictly as we did six months ago, and we haven't consciously slackened our pace, nor lessened our zeal. When our harbor is a million a month, a quarter of a million seems a long way from shore. We put the "little profit" we made on the November number into the color work in this number and into the Booth Tarkington story.

HE WAS NOT DEAD.

We sent out a number of expiration notices beginning, "Dear Expiring Subscriber," and asked for a renewal. We hoped by addressing our subscribers in this unusual way to get a careful reading of the circular. They are all worth reading. You know when a story or an article begins well, there is ever so much more likehood of its being read. One of the "expirers," a minister in New York State, received his notice and replied as follows:

Messrs.: Your "Dear Expiring Subscriber" has expired; please bury him, and oblige, Yours truly,—

It interested us. It reached us on a very busy day. We wrote across the bottom of his letter, "What Epitaph?" and sent it back. We thought a man who could write so cleverly ought to like the magazine.

Again the letter came to us—the epitaph was supplied:

"In Everybody's ranks he would not stay,
Since he could not, with thanks, his bill now pay.
Better, he thought, while dear, just to expire,
Than to live on in fear of later fire."

PUNY BY COMPARISON

In all candor, now, isn't it wonderful that such a magazine can be made for a dollar a year? Friends call it a big, beautiful, clean, wholesome, entertaining ten cents' worth. You have spent a dollar and a half for a book before now that did not have as much in it as this single December number contains. The cheapest thing in the world to-day is a good dollar magazine. Anybody's Magazine—Everybody's Magazine. Think how little you can buy for a dollar in any other line. How far will a dollar get you in a jewelry store, in a dry goods store, on a railroad train, in a grocery store? Then pile up twelve numbers like this December number of Everybody's Magazine and see how puny anything else looks—anything else that you can compare with it.

NO BAIT WITH EVERYBODY'S

If it is your custom to order your magazine in a club, remember, please, that Everybody's is not clubbed. No books, nor calendars, nor any premiums are given as a bait for your subscription. But you can add Everybody's to any clubbing offer at $1.00 if it better suits your convenience, or you may send the dollar to us.

STILL MORE TROUBLE

What's the use trying to do things right? After the hardest kind of a struggle and many dissappointments we got our new machinery working for cutting the leaves. Our editions have been delayed from two to six days. We thought, better a little late and have leaves cut, than on time and the leaves uncut. Now see what we are up against. Before we got the machinery well installed the magazine had outgrown it. It will take three months, possibly six, to get more machinery.

ALL YOUR FAULT

Meantime the magazine is growing. Will some kind friend tell us where it is going to stop so that we will know how much machinery to order? We are running the folders night and day to get as much of the magazine cut as we possibly can. But even then some of the pages will have to go in uncut. Anyhow, you are more to blame than we are. If you hadn't talked so much and got other people to buying the magazine, we would now have just a nice, comfortable circulation that we could handle easily, instead of this wild thing that keeps us up nights.

Did you ever hear the story of the fellow who yoked himself to a yearling calf, to show it a thing or two? The calf started off soberly, but presently began running at top speed, and when they passed some of his neighbors the man had scarcely breath enough to yell:

"Ketch us—darn our fool souls—we're running away!"

If you will send $1.00 for a year's subscription to Everybody's Magazine we'll keep that dollar till you've read the next number. Then, if you will write us that you haven't had more than three times 8⅓ cents' worth, we'll send that dollar back!

You can add Everybody's to any club offer for one dollar.

The New Story by Booth Tarkington
in the Christmas Everybody's